

Mindset

Swoope

Heal the world
Make it a better place
For you and for me
And the entire human race
There are people dying
If you care enough for the living

I'm out here dying and no one cares
I'm out here crying and no one's there
This is the mindset of our culture
Of our culture, of our culture

I got nowhere to plug in I have no outlet
My father went to the pen and he ain't out yet
The TV raised me no one pays me attention lately
So maybe I'll go off and do something crazy
Like make 3 babies before I'm 18
I'm only 15 but no one's listening
To my cry for help so I get piercings
When I'm 16 I'll get tattoos
Try a bit of weed, I've already had booze
I've already had two people molest me
The first one verbally, the next one sexually
Sex to me is the answer not the question, see
I never seem complete unless a body is next to me
Now I'm 17 and the glamour of selling weed is dope
And a much easier way to cope cause...

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Much easier way to cope cause
The fact is I'm broken
A old used car yeah my car real broken
Had a system in it but my car got broke(n) in
System stolen, window broken
Uh, and now my window's broken
And I feel cold when the wind blows cold in
I tried to block it out take a J roll it up
Down this Courvoisier, eh blow it up
That was just my family's way growing up
But I was just a family straight growing up
That being the black sheep in
The family in fact he is the trash heap in
The family
The garbage disposal
Throw him out and now the garbage disposed of
Out on the corner
Whether or you speaking of the real or metaphor I'm still out on the corner
House wasn't a home so kicked out by my owner
I'm out on my own so I'm out for my own, oh
Uh, Am I out of my dome , no, uh, I'm just a child all alone so
I'm trying to find a man in me in the sheets
I'm trying to find a family in the streets
When I chill with my boys kind of fills up the void

So all of this insanity gives me peace
The same old same and the pain is so strainful and draining I can't seem to
kill this leech
Stranger in the land, estranged from His hand
I can't seem seem to feel His reach

Uh, but I still feel police, uh
So how I'm supposed to feel at peace
When the boys from the precinct
Want my boys and me extinct so they pull a piece?
Time and time again this stuff just repeats itself
I find myself wondering when I'm going be laying in the street myself myself
Scenario ain't far fetched, uh
Look what they did to Mike Brown, uh
They smoke G over cigars, uh, and you telling me to pipe down?
Like I'm trying to pick a fight now all against the whites now this ain't th
e civil rights now quiet down
If he wouldn't have wrecked a cop then he wouldn't have gotten shot so it's
really his fault, shooting justified now
Uh, how could you be that passive?
Wow, how could you say get past it?
If you ain't never lived a day in the life of a black kid plagued by his bla
ckness dag it

Uh, my white friends say get over it
Privileged, it's like they don't notice it
Uh, they trying to sweep life under rug, uh
Say my opinion is overkill
You wasn't in Ferguson when it happened
Wasn't in the cop's shoes when he started blasting
Could have been an accident you ain't got the facts man
So stop acting like you's a police captain
Uh, you right man, I ain't a chief
But I can't believe you could care less
Another 18 kid laying in the streets
With two to the dome and four to the chest
Uh, whether or not race played a part
A kid getting shot should weigh on your heart, uh
Whether it's Mike B. or Trayvon
All around the world it's the same song